

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society



DEAR SUSAN:

The streets are full of Suffragettes and Shriners, and between the two they have the circus parade "skinned to death" for real "Suffs" with flags and gold and blue ribbons are everywhere, and just now I passed a Shriner gentleman in yellow brocade bloomers and a blue velvet coat, who looked as if he had escaped from Mrs. Hemmick's "bal oriental." If my letter should break off suddenly in the middle, you'll know it was because I just had to run to the window to see the parade and wave my little flag.

Marjorie Edson and Horatio Hugh Armstrong have set the date for their wedding, June 3d, and it is to be at 5 o'clock, with a reception to follow at the Edsons' home, in Q street. Marjorie will have her sister, Mrs. Herman Walter Schull, for matron of honor. You know it was with her she stayed when she was in the Philippines and had such a wonderful time. The bridesmaids will all be Washington girls—Ruth Anderson, Dorothy Adams, Emily Beatty, Dorothy Brooks, Anne Bryan, and Estelle Crane.

Estelle has been making a round of visits here ever since Frances Brooks' wedding, but goes to Plainfield Monday to stay with Katherine Brown. She will come back just a few days before Marjorie's marriage.

Susan, I want one of the new capes so badly. They are as graceful and pretty as they can well be—and about as expensive. The first one I saw was on Connecticut avenue some weeks ago; in fact, before even the Paris fashion notes got hold of them, and I wasn't quite sure whether it was a resurrection or the latest wrinkle, until I took in the rest of the wearer's costume, which was absolutely up to the minute. The cape was black, quite long, and very becoming to its slender wearer. Eleanor Wilson—I beg your pardon, Mrs. McAdoo—has one in her trousseau, and I have seen several beauties at the horse show. Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell wore a blue cape, with trimmings of green and blue plaid one day and pretty Gladys Mackay-Smith has the sweetest cloak of Russian green, which she wears with a green gown and hat.

I was surprised, though, at the quietness of the gowns at the horse show. Thursday, which was very warm, there were a number of real summer frocks, light taffetas and lingers, with bright sashes and the gayest of sun shades, but in general the best gowned women wore smart spring suits, with small hats, or taffetas in dark blue, green or taupe.

Summer plans are rapidly crystallizing, and Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island promise to be as popular as ever. The Spanish Ambassador and Madame de Riano and the Second Secretary of the Spanish Embassy and Countess de San Esteban will go to Newport, as will the Russian and the German embassies. The Ambassador from Brazil and Madame de Gama will go to their country place, Heron Hall, on the coast of New Jersey. The Henry Mays will sail for Europe at the end of this month. The Burlesons will go to Watch Hill, and the Houstons have taken a cottage near Woods Hole. Mrs. Henderson will open her home at Bar Harbor; the McVeighs have a country place at Dublin, New Hampshire, to which they will go soon, and General Miles has already gone to his summer home, at Fitchburg, Mass. In fact, there will be the usual general exodus, and ere long the town will be quite deserted.

Little Lady Mary Curzon made her debut the other day at a wonderful ball at Carleton House Terrace. She wore white, looked very lovely, and everybody remarked how much she was like her mother. All the fashionables in London were there. Owing to mourning for the Duke of Argyll, the King and Queen did not attend, but they called in person before the festivities commenced, to offer their congratulations to the little debutante. They say that Lord Curzon is so fond of his pretty daughter and so determined to protect her from the attentions of undesirable suitors that he intends to chaperone her himself.

He won't even trust his ewe lamb to the care of his own sisters or her mother's sisters, Lady Colin Campbell and the Countess of Suffolk. The other Curzon girls are somewhat younger, and both the Campbells

and the Suffolks have girls growing up, so doubtless this first of the Leiter grandchildren to make her entrance to society will set the ball rolling and be followed by the others in quick succession.

Mrs. Williams, who has visited both the Campbells and the Suffolks in England and knows the Curzon girls well, tells me that they are all the most attractive sort of people and that their home life is a delight—English country life at its best. The girls are all attractive, clever, and cultivated and the younger ones have all sorts of fun among themselves. Francis Williams spent her holidays with them all the time she was at school in France and they became great friends.

The lure of the park is upon me. I don't know whether in some previous incarnation I was a tramp or a nurse maid, but, at any rate, this time of the year there is no place where I feel so thoroughly at home as on a park bench, with the sun on my back and children swarming about me. And truly our parks are beautiful enough just now to excuse any desire to linger. Never have the trees been so lovely, of so tender a green. After a long, chilly spring they came out suddenly—like the measles—only they worked a more pleasing transformation, and blossoms are everywhere, here beds of flaming tulips, there pink ones; in Farragut square hyacinths are just giving place to yellow and purple pansies, while for days Dupont circle has been gay with yellow tulips and a "host of golden daffodils."

Did you ever notice what a strong individuality the different parks and circles have? Franklin square always looks old world to me, and it has fascinating little hills and dales with a fish pond in the center—and real fishes. Lafayette park is given over to the squirrels, who are as pert and chipper as you please, eating out of your hand and "sassing" you all the while. Even the handsome stately trees and the dignified view of the White House can't destroy the impression of vivacity and impertinence imparted by these frivolous little beasts. But Dupont circle fascinates me more than all. It is the playground of fashionable babyhood, and, then, whisper it softly, it is such a heavenly place to sit idly, watching the Connecticut avenue crowds pass by and tearing your friends gently, kindly, but none the less thoroughly, to pieces. It is getting to be quite a fashionable gathering place these spring afternoons. Nancy Jones and Frances Effinger had a date to meet there one afternoon this week, to give their puppies an airing; Mrs. Walter Dunlop, Mrs. Sevellon Brown and a host of other young matrons are often there, with their babies, and Ruth Bliss, Natalie Driggs, Stella Taft, and a dozen or so other girls hold an animated session every once in a while.

Did you know, Susan, that Mrs. Allen Potts, who is such a famous sportswoman and always takes ribbons galore at the horse show, is a sister of Princess Troubetskoy—Amelia Rives Troubetskoy, I mean. I had never heard that until the other day.

The horse show was a real success, drew enthusiastic crowds, and there were some truly fine entries. I was particularly interested to notice the proportion of girls who rode astride and who preferred the side saddle, because I had been hearing some interesting things about the trouble the cross saddle fashion had raised in England. It seems that King Edward went so far as to forbid a grown woman to ride astride in Hyde Park, which, though open to the public, is crown property, and while King George doesn't take quite so severe a stand, he refuses to recognize a woman who is riding cross saddle. I am glad there is no such prejudice here, for the girls do look so natty and well set up in breeches and well-cut coat. As well as I could judge, side and cross saddles were about equally divided. Mrs. Potts, Helen Buchanan, and Ethel MacMurray stick to the old-fashioned way; Edythe Howard, Dasha Allen, and several others prefer the newer mode—and they all look well and ride well.

Edith Gracie is back in town after a most thrilling visit to New York. She went up to stay with the Howard Carrolls, for Caromai Carroll's daughter, and then I think there was a "heavy suitor," who helped a lot with her good time. I saw her the other day at the horse show, in a pretty pink hat.

I believe it was the one she wore for Anna Portner's wedding.

Dear me, Susan, I believe every one of Washington's wealthy widows is going to spend the summer in Europe. Mrs. Richard Townsend is going shortly. Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh sails on May 5. Mrs. Draper has already gone, and Mrs. Hope Slater is at one of the kura, somewhere in Europe.



MISS MARGUERITE HUTTERLY.

Marguerite Hutterly will have as her guests next week Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Landis, from Pittsburgh. You remember, she was pretty little Gladys Snyder, and we often used to hear Jen Weaver speak of her. She and Dr. Stephen Schaeffer Landis were married on the 29th of April, and are coming through here on their honeymoon to spend some time with the Hutterlys. They are giving a big dance, a bal masque, for their guests on the 15th, and on Monday Mrs. Hutterly will have a bridge party for Mrs. Landis. As Gladys Snyder, Mrs. Landis was one of the most popular girls in Pittsburgh, and I know she will have a good time here, especially with Marguerite for her hostess.

Everybody in the world went to the circus, it seems, from the President to the little street urchins—who really know how to appreciate a circus. There were lots of gay parties. Dr. and Mrs. Claytor gave a big one, twenty-five couples, which finished up with dancing at the Claytors' house, and a crowd of boys and girls also had a party, with supper and a dance to follow.

They had lots of fun over one of the girls, who lost her coupon. The usher came around to look the party over, and just then one of the men passed his ticket to her. "You can't get away with none of that," screamed Mr. Usher. "I seen you palm it to the girl's mit." Much excitement followed, and they had great difficulty in persuading the "bouncer" that nineteen tickets were enough for twenty persons. On the other hand, a friend of mine had a pass, reading "Mr. So-and-So and party." He turned it over to his young son and when the "party" convened it numbered ten.

The story you tell about the uninvited guest is certainly funny, especially in view of the fact that it actually happened in Boston.

And your story just reminds me of one which was told me by a girl on the street car the other day. Seems there is a very delightful woman, from the Southland, spending the winter in Washington, at one of the large hotels. She has been entertained frequently, and as she is especially fond of young folk, she decided to give a dance in

just about who was coming and how many to arrange for.

When the night of the party came—it was an ideal night, too—everyone but the cat was there. Persons the hostess had never seen or heard of, came to the party. Of course, she did not say anything, but she thought a whole lot, and very quietly and tactfully countermanded the order for the breakfast which was to be served at the end of the party. She also told the leader of the orchestra to play "Home, Sweet Home," two hours sooner than had been planned.

So you see, Susan, what the butters-in did for that party. I really do not think that would happen any place else. That sort of thing is done here entirely too much, and I'm told that hostesses are talking about getting together and coming to some sort of an agreement and sending cards of admission with their invitations next season.

Marguerite Knox DeMotte is here, visiting Frances Miller, and they seem to be having great fun together. You know her father, Colonel Knox, was stationed here several years ago, and Marguerite made lots of friends. She looks very well and is one of the prettiest of the navy widows, for whom the Mexican trouble is responsible. Max DeMotte is on the South Carolina, at Vera Cruz or Tampico or some other seaport town.

At one of the dansants this season—and I have forgotten just which one it was, too—the very charming sister of Elena Calderon, Mme. Zalles, of Baltimore, was introduced to one of the young men present, and they danced and he asked her if she was a debutante of the season. She laughed so heartily, and told him that she certainly was not, but that she was the mother of seven children.

Mme. Zalles comes over to Washington quite often to visit her father and sister, the Minister of Bolivia and Miss Elena, and she is certainly one pretty little matron. She looks like a slip of a girl. And dance—oh, she is a wonder! She is quite enthusiastic about classic dancing. Classic dancing is getting to be quite a fad in Washington society anyway, and the woman who is inclined to be stout finds it a most delightful way of reducing. Mme. Zalles does not enter there, however, for she is willowy and gracefulness personified.

So many pretty dresses have been ruined by careless waiters that several of the girls who recently have suffered the embarrassment of having a demitasse decorating the side of their gown or a lump of ice cream turned into their lap or an overflow of water or punch down the front of their skirt are threatening to really do something about it. One girl suggested at the White House reception that folks bring oiled silk curtains and get into them with only

their heads out when the food is served. Some others suggested that good stout aprons that will stand soap and boiling (on wash days) would do. Still, it would be rather an imposition on the dressmakers.

Al fresco parties are going to be quite the thing before long, and they are such fun. The very spiders in your tea add to the charm of the occasion. Little Mrs. Macpherson gave an outdoor bridge, three tables, out at the Old Mill, with green things all around and Rock creek gurgling by, that was a great success. Refreshments were served from the mill and everybody had such a good time. Last week Major Logan had a young people's picnic in Rock Creek park, and one evening the Murray Cobbs had an outdoor supper party at their place in the country. Then there have been innumerable excursions to the Dower House, and every now and then I hear of a real old-time basket picnic—and I want to go.

Guess what a certain little somebody (you and I both know her) did the other night? She went to a large and grand dinner party in a brand-new imported Parisian gown, and, as she was going to a dance afterward where the crowd would be very great, she took another dress along and changed it in the dressing-room.

She told me all about it and we just laughed heartily over it. I won't tell you her name, because she might not want it repeated, but I thought it a pretty good stunt. These frail beaded imported things will not stand dancing, and especially where there is a large crowd, and as the young lady in question had made the dinner engagement before the dance date was set, why, I think she did a rather good thing.

The hostess at the dance knew about it and said she wished all her guests would do it if they are afraid of their fine clothes. In fact, that, rather than come and stand about afraid to dance and not having a good time because she went so far as to say that she would gladly supply the use of her maid any time, because the changed lady was so comfy that she just made herself the belle of the ball.

Mrs. Barnett had such a pretty dinner last night for her cousin, Mrs. J. Arthur LeRoy, of Richmond, who is visiting her. The general couldn't be there, as he went up to New York with the Secretary of the Navy to help convoy the Montana.

I have refused two invitations to go to the ball game, Susan, my dear, in order to finish this letter to you, so I hope you fully appreciate my efforts and will respond quickly in kind.

As ever, yours fondly,

Jean Eliot

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